pragging knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself,
and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a fellow,
look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me,
and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you,
and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I
could not breed no contentions with him; but I
will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see
him once again, and then I will tell him a little
piece of my desires.

Enter PISTOL.

Go/r. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

FLU. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his
turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol! you
scurvy, lowsy knave, Got pless you !

PIST. Ha! art thou Bedlam ? dost thou thirst,
base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web[4] ?
Hence ! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

FLU. I peseech you heartily, scurvy lowsy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions,
to eat, look you, this leek : because, look you, you
do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I
would desire you to eat it.

* *PIST.* Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

FLU * There is one goat for you. *[Strikes him]*
Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it ?

PIST. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

FLU * You say very true, scald knave, when Got's
will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time,
and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it.
[Striking him again.'] You called me yesterday,

mountain-squire; but 1 will make you to-day a

4 To have me fold up, &c.] Dost thou desire to have me put thee to death ? JOHNSON.